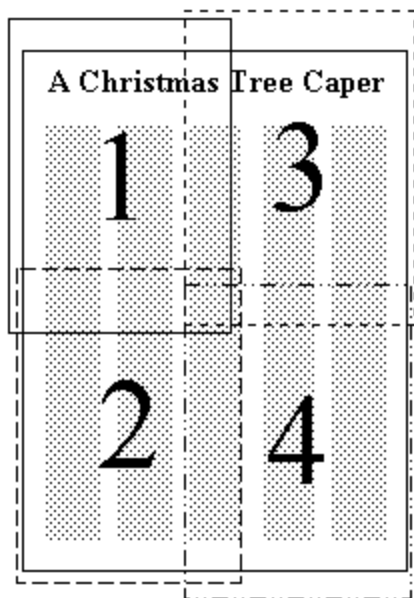


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



## TERRY



## FAIR GAME

By JACK RITCHIE

(© 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

**A**FTER Mr. Johnson filled my order for groceries, he walked outside with me. Mr. Elkins, who rents me a cabin, made room for us on the bench under the shade of an oak.

We lit our pipes and relaxed in the calmness of the late afternoon.

"Up here," Mr. Elkins said, after a while, "we got to hustle to earn a living. I'm a commercial fisherman half the year. I collect maple syrup in season, and in summer I work on the tourists."

"That last part I noticed," I said.

He smiled slightly. "Now, son, don't be bitter. I rent that cabin you got only three months a year, if I'm lucky. The rest of the time it's empty and I still got to pay taxes. I don't much more than break even."

He got to his feet. "I'd better be getting home." He looked down at me. "Why not drop in for supper tonight, Mr. White? We'd be glad to have you."

"I'll be there," I said. "And I intend to be very hungry."

When he was gone, Mr. Johnson re-lit his pipe. "Another thing about this part of the country. Being as how it's mighty near impossible to earn a million dollars, most of the young men leave for the big cities."

He looked at me. "That leaves all the marriageable girls behind and it can be pretty dangerous for a young single tourist."

"I'll watch it," I said.

There was a twinkle in his

house to meet his wife and daughter, Lisa.

His daughter had violet eyes and she raised an eyebrow. "Ah," she said. "Two of them. I have a choice."

"Now, Lisa," Mr. Elkins said. "Let's not frighten anybody so soon."

I glanced at Henderson and he seemed to wake up as he looked at Lisa.

There was silence as we sat in the living room and then Mr. Elkins pointed to a smallmouth bass mounted on a wooden plaque on the wall. "Five pounds, eight ounces," he said. "Caught it on a six-pound test line this April."

"Nice looking fish," I said. Henderson cleared his throat. "I landed a 142-pound black marlin just off Miami. Gave me quite a tussle, let me tell you."

FROM MILWAUKEE,  
SAYS HENDERSON

Mr. Elkins looked back at his fish. "Well," he said, somewhat apologetically. "For a bass, I thought it was pretty good."

He looked at me. "By the way, Mr. White, where did you say you came from?"

"Morrisville," I said.

"Oh?" He rubbed his chin. "That wouldn't be in Florida or California, would it?"

it," he said finally. "I believe I caught that bass in June. 'Just after the season opened.'"

"I'm in the ice and coal game," Henderson said.

Mr. Elkins closed his eyes and shivered slightly.

I turned to Mrs. Elkins. "This steak is just about the best prepared I've ever tasted."

She blushed. "That's very kind of you, Mr. White." She looked at her husband. "I don't think being a game warden is so bad."

Henderson studied me and then he said, "The soup was delicious."

"It's canned soup," Mrs. Elkins said. Her eyes went back to her husband. "If I remember rightly, my second cousin, twice removed, was a game warden. Most people talked to him."

NO SNOW, NO COLD  
AND NO ICE

Mr. Elkins tasted his dessert and his voice was tinted with nostalgia. "Just imagine being in a climate where it's warm all the year around. No snow, no cold, no ice."

"I was in Florida once," I said. "Nice place. But of course you have to watch out for the poisonous snakes."

"And the quicksand, the mosquitoes, and the alligators," Lisa added, suppressing a grin.

I nodded. "Precisely."

Mr. Elkins stopped eating. "But there's California, isn't there?"

"Gophers," I said soberly. "All over the place."

"It isn't so much the weather as the humidity in Milwaukee," Henderson said proudly. "We have humidity all the time."

"I have a cheerful disposition."

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"I'll watch it," I said.

There was a twinkle in his eyes. "Elkins has got a daughter." He shifted on the bench. "The reason I'm so generous with a warning is that I've already married off my three girls and can relax. Otherwise I'd invite you to supper myself."

### TWO IN CALIFORNIA, ONE IN FLORIDA

He smiled contentedly. "Got those girls settled in nice parts of the country. Two in California and one in Florida. Make a practice of visiting them when the snow begins to fly up here."

I drove back to my cabin beside the lake and changed to a clean shirt and slacks. It took five minutes to get to Mr. Elkins' cottage a mile down the road.

He was on his lawn talking to a man of about my age and size. Mr. Elkins introduced us. "Mr. White, I'd like you to meet Mr. Henderson. He just rented one of my cabins and I invited him in for supper."

Mr. Henderson had a thin, somber face and a mouth not familiar with the humor of a smile.

Mr. Elkins led us into the

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"Oh?" He rubbed his chin. "That wouldn't be in Florida or California, would it?"

"No," I said. "It's about 80 miles south of here."

"I come from Milwaukee," Mr. Henderson said.

Lisa sighed. "Poor Dad, he has his heart set on visiting me in a warm climate."

Mr. Elkins got to his feet dispiritedly. "Well, I guess we might just as well eat."

We filed into the dining room and took our places at the table.

Mrs. Elkins put the soup tureen on the table. "How do you like this part of the country?" she asked me.

"Just fine," I said. "I intend to make my home up here."

"You can't beat Milwaukee," Henderson said. "The home of the Braves."

Mr. Elkins finished his soup. "Just what might be your line of business, Mr. White?"

"Starting next week I'm taking over as game warden for this district."

Lisa's eyes met mine and laughter lurked in them. "You're dead," she said.

Mr. Elkins chewed on his food reflectively. "Come to think of

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"It isn't so much the weather as the humidity in Milwaukee," Henderson said proudly. "We have humidity all the time."

"I have a cheerful disposition," I said. I turned to Henderson. "Your move."

He frowned slightly. "I earn over \$10,000 a year." He eyed me pointedly. "I believe that a man earns what he's worth."

"Well, now," I said. "I don't think that's true in all cases." I looked at Mr. Elkins. "If it's not too personal, Mr. Elkins, how much can a man earn up here? I mean a really good man, like yourself."

He pondered a while. "I don't think money's everything," he said. He thought some more. "There's peace of mind, for instance."

"And health," I said.

"And good cooking and people who appreciate it." Mrs. Elkins said. "Would you care for some more dessert, Mr. White?"

Henderson made one last try after the meal. "I'll wipe the dishes," he offered.

Lisa got to her feet and smiled. "I believe I'll wash."

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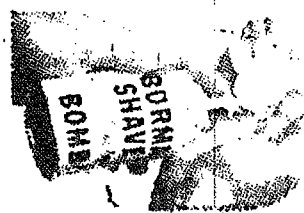
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## The Correct Thing *By Elinor Ames*



### GROOMING AND POISE

Men, as well as women, are often fidgeters. The man who continuously runs a finger inside his collar, who adjusts and readjusts his tie, who fumbles with a key chain or ring is lacking in poise. Such mannerisms spoil his appearance.

It's nice to know you're dressed correctly. Nice to know what to wear and when. You can if you read Elinor Ames' leaflet, "Correct Attire for Men." Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Elinor Ames, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y., for a copy.

Henderson broke two plates and one cup.

After he left, Lisa and I took a walk down to the shore of

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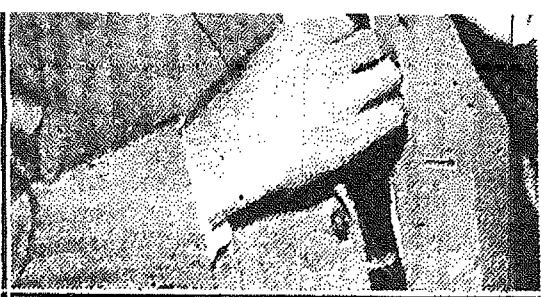
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Henderson broke two plates and one cup.

After he left, Lisa and I took a walk down to the shore of the lake.

"When you put too much soap in the dish water, it makes the dishes mighty slippery," Lisa said, grinning.

"Ah, ha!" I said. "I wondered why a clean-cut American girl would volunteer to wash dishes."

We were silent for a while at the edge of the water and then she turned to me. "Technically, you have vanquished your oppo-

nent. Did you do it because it more or less appealed to your competitive instinct?"

"To a certain extent," I said. "In other words," she said, "we'll just say that you really haven't committed yourself in any way."

"Tell me one thing," I said. "If I were wiping the dishes, would you put too much soap in the dish water?"

"No," she said slowly, a smile in her eyes. "I'd use very, very little."

Our eyes met, and when we went back to the house, we walked hand in hand.

THE END

## The First Christmas

The "Story of the First Christmas Retold" has been printed in a little blue booklet which appeals to children, at home or in Sunday School, and to parents for reading aloud. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for it. Address Mrs. Gladys Bevans, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



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